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Daniel Hernandez
NSU University School

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The Yellow Room

Daniel Hernandez

She lives in a yellow room
She'll die lonely
I can't explain why I have to hate her the way
that I do
I just don't understand why she would choose
to live
In that rotting Yellow Room

It isn't as if the room isn't pretty
It is that you like that sort of thing
The girl just doesn't realize that the world
doesn't take pity
On those that sell out their own
Or people who live in little Yellow Rooms

The room is like a dungeon of fashion
The bath towels all match the motif
She bathes in the water only riches can bring
She uses her yellow soap
And sits alone in her hideous Yellow Room

She has yellow hair
Not blonde or flaxen
That would be too regal, I suppose
I can picture her now, crying while she
brushes her hair
In that damnable Yellow Room

I can't explain the enmity I feel
The room is uniform
It has no personality or charm
It houses only duplicity and lies

Just like the girl who lives in the Yellow
Room

She smokes a little dope now and then
I hope her mommy never finds out
I know all about you, my pet
I know all your dirty little secrets
I know what goes on in your Yellow Room

People like her hardly ever suffer
They flit through life unafraid of anything
Except facing themselves
And realizing their souls have signs that read
"Vacant"
Finally, being forced to go and weep in their
Yellow Rooms

So, now the game is up
You have been discovered
The nasty days are just beginning
Your friends have all disowned you
The only thing you have left is your Yellow
Room

I've said just about all there is to say
Homogeny is for science
Not people
But, it is too late for her
And her Yellow Room